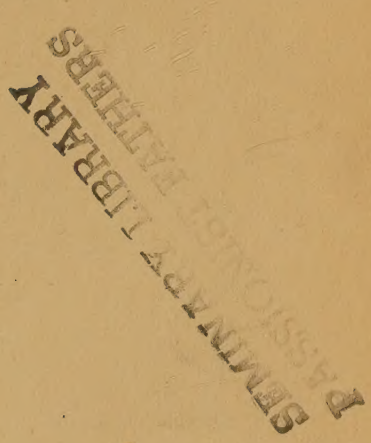
Knights Errant

Sister M. Madeleva

MAD



STUDIO ADDICTUS
Province of Holy Cross

KNIGHTS ERRANT

MAD

KNIGHTS ERRANT AND OTHER POEMS

BY

SISTER M. MADELEVA
OF THE CONGREGATION OF THE HOLY CROSS

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
NEW YORK :: LONDON :: MCMXXIII

STUDIO ADDICTUS
Province of Holy Cross

COPYRIGHT, 1923, BY
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

TO

MY FATHER AND MOTHER

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

For permission to reprint many of the poems in this book the author wishes to thank the editors of the *Ave Maria,* the *Annals of Our Lady of Lourdes, The Bookman, The Catholic World,* and *The Queen's Work.*

CONTENTS

	PAGE
To My Favorite Author	xiii
Knights Errant	3
Surrender	4
A Song for a Man	5
The Mendicant	6
You Sang in My Dream	7
Of Dust	8
In Salem Town	9
David	10
In the Way	12
I Go to School	14
Sister Death	16
The Poet's House	17
For Your Birthday	18
The Beggar	19
The Light	20
Wind-wraith	21

CONTENTS

PAGE

Mountain Tops 22
Young Moon 23
The Pepper Tree 24
A Snow-capped Mountain in Summer . . 26
White Peace 27
Roses for My King 28
Contents 30
A Letter to My Most High Lord . . . 31
A Young Girl Writeth to Her Father . 33
The Theme 35
God Hath This Lullaby 37
Travel Song 38
With Sound of Trumpet 39

BREAD AND WINE

Bread and Wine 43
Defense 44
Raiment 45
Bondage 46
Post-Communion 47
The Mystic at Table 48

CONTENTS

SONGS FOR THE SEASONS

PAGE

Candlemas Day 51
March 52
In the Hill Country 53
Grace Notes 54
Pageantry 55
Red Tulips 56
Assumpta Est Maria 57
A Pied Piper 58
Autumn 59
Dialogue 60
Swaddling Clothes 61
Possession 62
Ways 63
Wishes 64

UNTO THE END

The King's Highway 69
I Bless Thee, Notre Dame 71
The Quest 74
Unto the End 76

TO MY FAVORITE AUTHOR

Dear God,
Herewith a book do I inscribe and send
To Thee Who art both its Beginning and its End;
A volume odd,
Bound in some brief, allotted years,
And writ in blood and tears;
Fragments of which Thou art the perfect whole
Book of my Soul

Break Thou the sealing clod
And read me, God!

PART I

KNIGHTS ERRANT

KNIGHTS ERRANT

DEATH is no foeman, we were born together;
He dwells between the places of my breath,
Night vigil at my heart he keeps and whether
I sleep or no, he never slumbereth.
Though I do fear thee, Knight of the Sable Feather,
Thou wilt not slay me, Death!

But one rides forth, accoutered all in wonder:
I know thee, Life, God's errant that thou art,
Who comest to make of me celestial plunder;
To wound me with thy Love's immortal smart!
Life, thou wilt rend this flesh and soul asunder;
Love, thou wilt break my heart!

SURRENDER

IF thou art merely conscious clay,—ah! well,
Tire not such stuff with futile, tread-mill climb,
Which lifts to leave thee level with the slime;
Nor think that death can break thy earth-born spell;
Clay hath no heel Achillean, vulnerable.
Be animate till some deliberate time
Shall choke and crunch thee to potential grime,
For thou art fit for neither heaven nor hell.

But He Who made thee cousin to the clod,
First plunged thee in the Spirit Which is He
Whence thou hast risen, divinely armed and shod
To scale the ramparts of eternity.
Already stricken with the shafts of God,
Thou fallest prisoner to the Deity.

A SONG FOR A MAN

YOU, man, have a home and a wife and a child;
what song do you sing?
I have a mate on her nest with a little blue egg
under each gray wing,
And for joy of this thing
I sing,
Sing to my brooding bird-wife of the skies above her,
Sing of the birdlings now soon to awake 'neath the
soft breast of her,
Sing at the dawn, at the dusk that I love her, I love her!
A bird on a nest with a little blue egg under each
gray wing
Is a simple thing;
For the heart of a woman, the soul of a child, O man,
what rapturous song do you sing?

THE MENDICANT

MENDICANT Day, how art thou clothed and fed!
In the gray robe of morning garmented;
Upon thy tireless feet time's eager shoon,
Thy simple fare, the white crust of the moon;
And for thy thirst, into dawn's shining cup
The lark's clear song is poured for thee to sup.

No scrip nor purse hast thou, intrepid one,
To hold thy alms, the pale coin of the sun.
What house receiveth thee, there wilt thou bide;
The troubled world his door doth open wide;
Enter, unworthy though it be, and say,
"Peace, peace be to this house," good Brother Day!

YOU SANG IN MY DREAM

YOU sang to me, dear, last night through all of my dreaming,—
O, why did you sing?—
To know that your song and my joy are only seeming
Is a bitter thing.

For into your voice all our multiplied loves came thronging,—
Dreams have heartless ways,—
And then I awoke to this numb, inarticulate longing
Of silent days.

OF DUST

I SAID to my body, "Be mindful thou art an offender,
Thou art dust of the dust, thou art slime, thou art clod of the clod."
But my body made answer, "O soul, I am blind with the splendor
Of the promise of God."

"Methinks, O my body, that thou shouldst be compassed with sadness,"
I said, "who hast tasted of life and must yet taste of death;"
"But know, I have breathed," said my body, "to ecstatic gladness,
The breath of God's breath.

"And this clay will pass from me, and life, aye, and death, like a vapor;
I shall rise at His word, light as light, quick as thought, swift as wing;
For though dust, soul of mine, even dust in the hands of its Shaper
Is a glorified thing."

IN SALEM TOWN

THE road from Nazareth to Salem town
Is far to-day;
I do not think a stranger going down
Could find the way.

Time was that every year a holy pair
This glad way trod;
Time was One walked content beside them there,
The young Boy, God.

I wish that down this road to peace again
The Boy would go,
And, meeting Him upon the way, that men
Would see and know.

I wish three endless days in Salem town
The Child would stray,
Till all its priests and doctors of renown
Must find His way.

DAVID

SPEAK, young boy of God;
When blossoms the predilect flower of Jesse's quick rod?
Out of Saba when come those grave kings by a light
Newborn to the night?
The mountains of Juda, when leap they with laughter and mirth
At a Bethlehem birth?
Speak, David, child-seer of star and of sky;
The time, is it nigh?

A flower of Jesse, a shepherd you are,
A king and a star,
A song to the glory of God, and a singer who thrills
All the Judean hills.
These signs, are they met and embraced and come true,
Or frustrate in you?

Nay, the root and the rod and the bud have their use and their hour,
But Christ is the Flower.
A shepherd but not to be led to the slaughter am I,
To bleed and to die;

A king who the robe of a fool and the thorn crown
has known
In vision alone;
A singer whose heart must cry out through the joy
of his song,
"How long, Lord,—how long?"
A watcher who looks through the mist over Beth-
lehem's hills for a thousand slow years,—
A mist that is tears.

IN THE WAY

HELD eyes and foolish hearts had they
Who walked to Emmaus the day
The dead and deathless Son of God
Beside them as a stranger trod.

Perhaps it was a way with them,
For often in Jerusalem
Their ears had listened to a Word
Nor understood the things they heard.

Their eyes had seen in Galilee
Wonders that prophets longed to see;
Their hearts had stirred to fear and doubt
Things that must make the stones cry out.

Such wonders and such wonderings
Were no uncommon happenings.
Slow hearts, unseeing eyes they had
The while they pondered and were sad.

But know you, this had come to pass,—
Their hearts had smitten been as grass,
And their poor eyes beggared of sight
For looking on unveilèd Light.

And they had died of seeing God,
Had He not been in lowness shod.—
I think He walks beside me thus
What times I go to Emmaus.

I GO TO SCHOOL

I SEEK a teacher and a rule,
Dear Brother Francis, and a school
Where I can learn to be a fool.

The world is erudite to-day;
The folk of Gubbio and thy gray
Brother Wolf are dead, they say.
Sweet friend of Christ, thyself shalt be
My book of gentle courtesy.

A single purse, a single cloak
Do scarce suffice for modern folk;
Such foolishness as once thou spoke
About thy Lady Poverty,
That, poverello, tell to me.

Bird songs in Umbria were sweet,
Or else, mayhap, thy quaint conceit
Found meanings now quite obsolete.
God's little one, wilt share with me
Thy sister birds' sweet psaltery?

Stars nebular and wise, indeed,
Above Averno shared thy creed
Of piercèd Heart and Wounds that bleed.
Enamored Knight of Calvary,
Teach me love's madmost ecstasy.

Behold my teacher and my rule;
Thyself, St. Francis, art my school;
God give me grace to be a fool!

SISTER DEATH

DOFF thy mourning robe, my Sister: I have for thee raiment new,—
The very stuff of glory, golden and white and blue.
Thy darling feet in sorrow no longer shall go shod;
Here are shoon of divine impatience for trafficking with God.
Thy hands, my little Sister, are very young and cold:
See, I bring my life's one blossom for their still, white strength to hold.
Such eyes thou hast are strangers to tears of sorrowing—
Let me grow sick with longing,—for they gaze upon the King!
I wait at thy quiet doorway, beneath love's architrave:
Unloose its bolts and lead me into the golden grave.
Lovely my Death, constrain me, I would be comforted;
My sweetest Sister, kiss me,—whisper that I am dead.

THE BEGGAR

"I AM mistress of my house," said I,
"When that vagrant beggar, Love, comes by
He shall not enter nor ever know
That he breaks my heart, though he come or go;
I will bar the doors lest he be nigh."

Came Love, the lord; all the gates flew wide;
I watched him walk like a king inside
While I sat at the portal begging bread;
I fain had been with a morsel fed,
And, but for the crumbs from his board, had died.

THE LIGHT

YOU do not know; you cannot, cannot guess
Across what burning sands I came to you;
Over what difficult hills, upon what new
Hard ways of loneliness.

You did not think of gifts—my piteous three;
Worthy I thought them,—kings had such of old,—
Do you keep but the frankincense and gold,
And leave the myrrh to me.

Bid me, I will return into the night;
Remember only, you who merciful are,
I found you by the shining of a star,
So must I walk forever in its light.

WIND WRAITH

A SHY ghost of a wind was out
Tiptoeing through the air
At dawn, and though I could not see
Nor hear her anywhere,
I felt her lips just brush my cheek,
Her fingers touch my hair.

MOUNTAIN TOPS

MOUNTAINS and resting clouds and climbing trees,
The higher climbing sun, you show me these.
O, if I saw but mountains and clouds and trees

I think perhaps my heart could bear the thing;
The autumn would not burn me, and the spring—
I might not so much dread the miracle thing!

YOUNG MOON

HE comes, a gay and golden star
Climbing the topmost hills of night;
Past where white mountain summits are
He takes his perilous path of light,
Gallant and bright.

A cavalier of plume and curl
Is he, upon his lady's quest;
Look where she goes, exquisite girl,
In whiteness of shy silver dressed,
Walking the west.

THE PEPPER TREE

ON a night the sun and the earth and the weather
And their brother, the wind, all slept together.

And it happened while they were slumbering
That each one dreamed of a different thing,

And then awoke.
The wind first spoke.

"I dreamed," said he,
"Of a fairy tree."

"And I," said the weather,
"Of a fairy's feather."

Spoke the earth, "My dream
Was all agleam

"With rubies red
Of fairies." Said

The sun, "Mine made
A fairy glade
Of delicately woven shade."

Then they laughed, did the sun and the earth and the
weather
And the wind, as they put their dreams together.

But I wonder if ever these gay lads knew
That the pepper tree on that same night grew.

A SNOW-CAPPED MOUNTAIN IN SUMMER

THE white hours of your maidenhood are past;
Your passive morning wakes into life's young noon;
The virgin coronal slips from your brow at last;
Your first love waits, asking yourself for boon.
See where before your motionless feet is cast
The burning and unquenchable heart of June.

WHITE PEACE

THE whiteness of the moon is on the world,
Sleeping and beautiful;
Across the blue remoteness drifts and clings
The wandering whiteness of a single cloud.
One passionless mountain lifts its face to heaven,
Wrapped in white peace and very far away.
To the quick bosom of the earth is pressed
The fragrant whiteness of a little flower.

The light of your white soul shines on my life,
And in my heart the whiteness of your love
Burns always.

ROSES FOR MY KING

(The Stigmata of St. Francis)

IF that my King should say,
"Fetch me of roses five most fair to-day,"
Where, think you, could I find
Flowers to please His heart, to please His mind?

Straight would I go to him
Who stands forever next the seraphim,

And say, "Here, at his feet,
Are roses, Master, that Thy heart deems sweet.

"And from his hands there spring
Blossoms that worthy are of Thee, my King.

"One flower more doth bide
Within the lovely garden of his side.

"See how its petals part,—
O God, it is the blossom of his heart!"

Dear Master, bid me, pray,
Bring Thee of flowers the five most fair to-day;
Look Thou, where I will find
Roses to please Thy heart, to please Thy mind.

CONTENTS

WHAT'S in a book?
Something that I have writ,
Illustrious
By all your high soul finds in it;
For thus
My words from your white thoughts grow luminous;—
That's in a book.

A LETTER
TO MY MOST HIGH LORD

THIS letter do I write to Thee,
My Lord most high,
To say I love Thee and to make
A quest hereby.

Thou knowest that Thy mother is
My Lady dear;
Thou knowest that I make small songs
For her to hear.

Of late my little singing words
Have fled away,
And she has had no song, sweet Lord,
This many a day.

Wherefore I ask thee, do Thou bid
Some angel bring
Unto my Lady dear the songs
I cannot sing.

O, let it be an angel small
With simple ways
Who will not feel it mean to chant
My childish praise.

This is the quest, my Lover Lord,
With which I come;
And though Thou strike my tongue, my heart
Forever dumb,

I will exchange for sweets of song
One thing more sweet,
The silence of adoring lips
Against Thy feet.

A YOUNG GIRL WRITETH TO HER FATHER

MY Father, I wrote Thee sometime a letter.
Dost remember,—the matter was on a song?
But now I would ask Thee for something better,
A thing I have waited for long and long.

I know full well that upon my pleasure
The veriest thought of Thy heart is bent;
I know that Thou givest me without measure
All that can bring to my soul content.

This country, sweet Sire, whither Thou hast sent me
Is passing lovely and fair to see;
It should, in truth, if aught could, content me
Away from home and apart from Thee.

But ever a golden Shadow falleth
Whither-so-ever my child heart turns,
And a Voice as of many waters calleth,
Calleth—O Sire, how my wild heart burns,

Knowing not why; and then I am lonely,
Lonely where erst I had happy been,
Homesick for Thee and desiring only
To see the Face I have never seen.

Now I close with love, hoping Thou wilt borrow
Some little moments to answer me,
Sending me word that upon the morrow
I may come home, Father, home to Thee.

THE THEME

ALWAYS the selfsame word, day upon day;
The little songs I sing, the prayers I pray,
My boldest thoughts of Thee run all one way:

"I love Thee,"—ever, ever, "I love Thee,"
Until I fear that Thou must wearied be
To have no other speech than this from me.

What sayest Thou, sweet my Lover?—"Do not I
Tire of the tireless sun, the constant sky,
The faithful stars forever slipping by?

"Doth it not vex Me that upon the beach
The tides monotonous run? Will I not teach
The never-changing sea some newer speech?

"Am I not weary that all trees are stirred
By willful, changing winds; that every bird
Hath but a single, albeit a liquid word?

"Nay, should I tire of seasons and the sun,
Till time its last, unfaltering course hath run
Tell Me thou lovest Me, My precious one!

"When, on some ultimate day, in sudden bliss
I catch thee to My heart in death's fierce kiss,
I shall have naught to say to thee but this:

" 'I love thee, love thee!' Wilt thou wearied be
To hear thy poor, one word eternally?"
Nay, changeless One, it is enough for me!

Enough, too, this, that Thou shouldst bid me say,
"I love Thee," till the shadows flee away,
Till light dissolves the darkness, and the day

Breaks, and upon the waiting silence thrills
Thy word forever, and its glory stills
The yearnings of the everlasting hills.

GOD HATH THIS LULLABY

(For Lenore)

COME, child of My heart;
All the little, young lambs of My flock have for long been a-sleeping;
And, lamb that thou art,
I take thee, too, tenderly, tenderly into My keeping,
Never from thee to part.
Here all of My bright, singing angels shall mind thee;
And here, when they seek thee, thy father and mother shall find thee
Asleep on My heart.

Rest sweetly, My own;
All the blossoms that grow in My garden are folded in slumber,
White blossom, half blown;
And O, with what golden, glad dreams beyond dream, beyond number
My garden is sown!
Here no rough wind of earth can affright thee or shake thee,
So sleep, lovely flower, till I call thee and kiss thee and wake thee
In heaven, My own.

TRAVEL SONG

KNOW you the journey that I take?
Know you the voyage that I make?
The joy of it one's heart could break.

No jot of time have I to spare,
Nor will to loiter anywhere,
So eager am I to be there.

For that the way is hard and long,
For that gray fears upon it throng,
I set my journey to a song,

And it grows wondrous happy so.
Singing I hurry on for oh!
It is to God, to God, I go.

WITH SOUND OF TRUMPET

"OH! a horn is a reckless thing to blow,"
Cried a wild young wind very long ago;
Then with lips to a mountain cañon pressed
He blew a blast from the east to the west.
For that is the way of the wind, you know.

Oh! a horn is a conquering thing to blow.
Seven times around the city go
The silent armies. The trumpets sound;
The breachless walls fall to the ground,
And that is the end of Jericho.

"Oh! a horn is a magical thing to blow,"
Mused a shepherd lad, "or loud or low,
Out of its wakened heart I bring
Peace to my flocks and repose to my king;—
But what of the day when it is not so?"

Oh! a horn is a fickle thing to blow.
Orleans, Rheims,—hear its triumph grow!
But in Rouen's square there is no sound,
Only smoke rising from the ground,—
A piteous way for "the Maid" to go!

Oh! a horn is a terrible thing to blow.
At its call tremendous of weal or woe
The books shall be opened, the seals unsealed,
The beginning and end of all revealed.
That is way of God, you know.

PART II

BREAD AND WINE

BREAD AND WINE

SEEKEST an altar, Lord? Take my awaking,
Alight with tapers kindled in the east,
Decked with the dawn's full bud, to blossom breaking.
Thy priest, O Lord—and who shall be Thy priest?
The dawn itself that lifts to Thee my sacrificial feast.

What sacrifice, what feast? Could I but borrow
The fruit of years that never may be mine!
But all my folded life, my every morrow,
Change on this morning altar into Thine;
And let my soul's glad life be bread, my heart's red love be wine.

DEFENSE

GOD grant that heaven's defender grow not mild!
Upon a time he found a guardsman sleeping,
Sheathed sword and idle armor vigil keeping;
"Angel," he spoke, "thy honor is defiled!"
The awakened spirit answered, "See, a child
I keep, who keepeth me; with weeping
The night is sown, he of it joy is reaping."
"'Tis well," the stern archangel said and smiled.

The world and I have eaten bread of sorrow,
The world and I have drunk to death of sin;
Great Michael, let our guardian spirits borrow
Thy naked sword, O heaven's paladin;
Defend our leaguered gates that on the morrow
The King of Hosts may fitly enter in!

RAIMENT

IMMACULATE! When thus the Godhead thought,
Mary upon creation's threshold stood:
Mortality her still soul's whiteness caught,
And round the Word, that our redemption brought,
Wrapped the safe garment of her motherhood.

Garment of Flesh and Blood, late bread and wine,
Daily I don this raiment wrought for me.
O Christ, be Thou a wedding robe divine!
Around my soul's poor nakedness let shine
Thy white apparel of Divinity.

BONDAGE

"AND I, if I lifted up, will draw all things to Me;
Wherefore, O heart! know that thou art not free
Save from sin's malices.
Thou art my captive for eternity.
The cross thy prison-palace is,
The bands of My strong arms encircle thee,
My heart a chalice is;
Thy sentence hear, love's penalty;
Drink of this God-filled Cup thy death, thy Life to be!

POST COMMUNION

THE feet of Christ are set in human places;
How shall I tell of ways by which they led
Who only know I hungered and was fed;
And presently I came to luminous spaces
Where hands were lifted toward me, eyes, and faces,
And voices pleaded past me, "Thou hast said,
'Come to Me, ye who would be comforted!' "
These things I knew, O Christ, in Thy embraces!

These things I knew and felt, and comprehended
That Thou walkest not with me alone, apart;
Thou comest with a retinue attended
Of sorrows, Man of Sorrow as Thou art;
That I may feel, till time and tears be ended,
The tides of life that break against Thy heart.

THE MYSTIC AT TABLE

WATER and bread,
Meager fare spread
Before my body whence my soul is fed.
Water to lave me
Out of that piercèd Side open to save me;
Bread which in five I part
To dip in wounded depths of Hands and Feet and Heart.
Water and bread—
Transfigured, whence I am divinely fed,
Awe-fully comforted,
Knowing not if I miss,
Or am caught up to this,
Thy breathing bosom, Christ, Thy living kiss.

PART III

SONGS OF THE SEASONS

CANDLEMAS DAY

THROUGH what obscure, half-comprehending night
Thou shinest, Christ, for light!
Candle and Flame Thou art,
Set in the candelabrum of my heart.

MARCH

OF what tumultuous grief these tears are token!
I wipe them with the wind which is my hair;
And now my alabaster box is broken,
Spilling the breath of lilies everywhere.

Winter, my Lord, let all the seasons tell,
I do these things against thy burial.

IN THE HILL COUNTRY

MEN heeded not this thing,—
A young Maid into Juda hurrying,—
But when birds waked to sing,
And buds to blossoming,
When every leaf and petal, wind and wing,
Thrilled with articulate joy, "Our King, our King!"
Men said that it was spring.

GRACE NOTES

THE winds are alilt with the year at the spring,
the world that is new;
The birds send spilt raptures of song on the
wing up to skies that are blue;
I stand on the threshold of Maytime and sing,
Lady Mary, to you.

PAGEANTRY

A WORLD of gladness fills the way,
And joy proclaims a holiday.
Expectant blossoms throng earth's street
Where grass spreads carpet for the feet
Of Spring who passes, clothed in May.

But to my heart such glad array
Is Heaven's lovelier pageant-play,
And as its Lady passes, sweet,
My soul's shy love awaits to greet
My Queen, my Mother, clothed in May.

RED TULIPS

GOD wrote it;
I quote it;
All ye, do ye note it
On the margin of Spring,
This homely apostil,
This miracle thing
Pentecostal!

"A dozen dull tulips were gathered together
In fear, every one;
When sudden arose a great stirring of weather,
Of wind and of sun,
And there sat on each tulip a parted tongue whether
Of petal or flame!"—lo, their gospel of life has begun!

ASSUMPTA EST MARIA

ONE only Word
I kept for all my speech, by night, by day,
Alway, alway,
Which I upon the lips of God had heard.

And I had thought
This living Word of living Love would be
Speech endlessly
When I should be in arms of Love upcaught.

Now I am come
Upon, within the arms of my Desire,
Nor word require;
My lips against the lips of Love are dumb.

PIED PIPER

BRAVE Piper October, what tune do you blow
That the leaves are bewitched and wherever you go
They flutter and follow, agleam and aglow?
From oak tree and bramble, from high tree and low,
They flock to the sound of the piping they know,
And down from the tall trees of heaven, O ho!
Come dancing and glancing the white leaves of snow.

AUTUMN

FOR that I dreamed the night long of my lover
I must be clad to-day most radiantly.
Come, earth and air and sky;
Put all my outworn summer raiment by.
Gold I will wear
For all my golden dreams of him and fair;
And red,
The burning memory of one beauteous word he said.
Sky, earth, and air,
Think you my love is come, the importunate rover?
Quick, fetch me a mist of purple for my hair,
And for my hand
A single snowflake flower,
Sign of my passing hour.
See how all beautiful I stand
Waiting—ah! who could guess,—waiting for Death,
my lover.

DIALOGUE

A WORD, a Word
Thou, Lord, didst utter which Thy willing hand-
maid heard,
And infinite, small Life within my own life breathed
and stirred.

A blessed space
My Lord in me and I in Him found resting place;
In such divine repose I waited, silent and full of grace.

Answer is nigh;
O God, I lift a Child up heart-and-heaven high
And say, "This is my Flesh and Blood"; Thy Word is
my reply.

SWADDLING CLOTHES

MY days are all white with wonder, the wonder of stitching and sewing,
Making a spotless garment for Mary's spotless Son;
My hours are bright with joy as I watch the small robe growing,
The little robe of love that will compass the infinite One.

Love is the cloth it is made from; my heart possesseth no other;
Love is the pattern, too, that I trace with unfaltering care;
Love is my double thread, the love of the Son and the mother;
Woven throughout of love, think you it will be fair?

Aye, and the mother Mary will let her little One wear it,—
He Who hath never in aught save divinity been arrayed,—
All upon Christmas morning; O heart of me, canst thou bear it,
The joy of thy God appareled in raiment thy love hath made!

POSSESSION

I CANNOT chant the angels' hymn
As did the hosts of seraphim.

I cannot even cross the wild
As shepherds did, to find the Child.

I cannot shine, a living star,
To guide grave magi from afar.

I have no incense, myrrh, or gold
For gift as had the kings of old.

In all the world there is nowhere
A place so poor, a spot so bare,

Save the rude cave at Bethlehem town
Where Christ, my Savior, laid Him down.

For that I am like that mean stall
I may possess Him most of all.

WAYS

GOD has most simple ways,
He likes a stable's covering,
And little lambs that shepherds bring.
His majesty aside He lays,—
You would not know He is a King,—
He has such humble ways.

See, where He lies, quite sweet and small,
A Baby in an ox's stall
Smiling to meet His mother's gaze.
You could not fear this God at all;
He has such tender ways.

But look you, how the heavens blaze!
And hark you, what angelic praise
Resounds! Indeed, He is a King,
And these be Godlike ways.

WISHES

THE Christmas stars at Bethlehem
Shone very clear and bright;
Oh, may they shine with light divine
For you this Christmas night!

The Christmas winds at Bethlehem
Folded their wings away;
May every wind blow gently kind
For you on Christmas day.

The angel hosts at Bethlehem
Sang "Peace on earth to men;"
And may their song ring loud and long
Within your heart again.

The shepherds come to Bethlehem
Knelt in rapt wondering;
To Bethlehem, oh, haste with them
To see the little King!

The holy pair at Bethlehem
Looked upon them and smiled;
Would it might be your lot to see
These blest ones and the Child.

The little Babe at Bethlehem
Gave them His hand to kiss;
And oh, I pray your heart to-day
May know such joy as this.

PART IV

UNTO THE END

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

UPON the purple splendor of thy way
This simple garment of my song I lay,
My heart's appareling,
Where through the white warp of thy vested days
Thine and thy Father's praise
I weave and sing.
If, as they pass along,
Thy feet but touch this woven path of song,
Changed is it to the highway of a king.

Or, should I silent be,
A myriad clamorous tongues on every tree
Would chant a gold and scarlet rhapsody;
The very stars beyond their farthest fires
Point the celestial truantry of thy desires;
And acquainted heaven hath but one word to tell,
"He hath done all things well."

This is thy purple vintage time, thy golden hour of reaping;
What fruits of fertile days, scattered afar
Upon the fields of life, quickened with weeping,
Upgathered are,
God hath forever with thee in His keeping.

How do I falter!
How doth my tongue
Impotently
Fail both myself and thee,
While all thy multitudinous praise unsung
Prostrates itself at thy predestinate altar.
The wide earth's garnering of wheaten sheaves
And unpressed fruitage of the vine
Thrill at their potencies of bread and wine,
Beneath thy breath quiver like shaken leaves,
Tremble and start:
Lo! it is done;
Thou and thy Christ are one,
These are thy Flesh and Life-blood of thy heart.

Such cloak of song I lay
Before thy heavenward passing feet this day,
Mortal immortal clod,
Impurpurate indeed!
How art thou saturate with God
Whose hands are clasped between strong Hands that bleed!

"I BLESS THEE, NOTRE DAME!"

THE news I have for heaven will brook no waiting,—
I will mount up my song's immediate stair
And call, importunate, at the cerulean grating,
"I would have speech with Edward Sorin, he is there!"
"Knowest thou where?"

Anticipate angelic question! Straightway
I pause upon my topmost step of song,
All joyously perplexed at the celestial gateway;
My search for one resplendent soul in that great throng
Must needs be long,

And where the tri-crowned soul of Sorin may be
I only dream, and see with touchèd eyes
A virgin host,—but if the spotless Lamb's white way be
His single beatific path I but surmise:
Vision replies,

"Soldier, apostle, priest, triune forever
Before a Triune God in triple bliss
The sainted Sorin stands." Foolish, I cry, "Ah! sever
Thy heavenly restraint, our Father, meet and kiss
In soul, thy soul-dream, this—

"This, the consummate hope of the waiting years,
This unfolded flower of consecrate sod,
Quickened with breath of thy love, wet with thy tears,
Soul-petaled blossom of God.

"See,—and say if this be earth's ultimate mystical rose,
This burgeoning beauty of arch and dome and spire,
This multiple Holy of Holies where glows
The Eucharist's multiplied fire;

"This miracle wrought of soul and heart and brain,
Aye, even this Kingdom of God upon earth;
And measure thy life, all the love and the pain
By their ultimate, infinite worth.

"Behold this incorporate thing, more fair than in vision seen:
To this City of God royal pilgrims of Cross and Crown
Are come, bearing tribute of praise, while thy Queen
In apocalypsed splendor smiles down."

Faileth my song; responsive, clad in wonder
The soul of Sorin glows, deific flame;
His speech is benediction, clothed in Jehovah's thunder,
"By God," his spirit thrills, "and in His holy name
I bless thee, Notre Dame!"

THE QUEST

WIND of the west, wistful wings, tireless feet,
—where are you going,
Hastening, blowing?
When will you rest?
Is there no place you will bide, all your journeying over,
Wanderer, rover,
Wind of the west?

Mountains,—what thoughts in your heart lie a-sleeping, wishful and tender,
Wrapped in cloud splendor?
What is your dream?
River,—say, whose are your singing and all of your joy? say, what shall come after
Such dreams and such laughter,
Mountain and stream?

Deliberate stars that wide-eyed through the blue night go silverly walking,
Of what are you talking?
Tell me your quest;
Say to me where is the place of your brightest regard, your most beautiful shining,

Past my divining,
Stars of the west.

"Oh!" says the wind, "blow with me to the pleasant,
green isle of my questing,
Eager, unresting;
So—it is near;"
"Go," say the mountains, "where rises the bold brow
of Slieve Gallon yonder;
Him do we ponder,
Distant and dear."

"Low on my heart," sings the river, "the voice of
Moyola is falling,
Calling me, calling;
How can I roam?"
"Come," cry the myriad stars, "we will light you the
way back to Derry!"
Ah! who could tarry?
Stars, take me home!

UNTO THE END

THY tabernacle Thou hast set within the sun,
And figured in the moon on heaven's coast
The elevated host—
Ah, eager haste of the Eternal One!
With joy anticipate
And power consummate,
Lacking Thy mirrored likeness in mortality
Thyself Thy Priest must be,
Raising in fingers consecrate
Thy orbèd Sacrament but mystically.

Gone are the myriad years of waiting,
To Thy eternal Present as a day,
Symbols have passed away:
Thy stolèd priest but knocks at heaven's blue grating,
His bidding heard,
Cometh the Word
Incorporate in Bread and throbbing Cup,
That all the world may sup;
Thy Spirit's hunger-thirst is stilled and stirred
Above the Banquet which Thy priest holds up.

This is Thy Son beloved, Thou art well pleased,
Filled is Thy promise—infinite suspense—
In glad Omnipotence
Thy everlasting longing is appeased.
Lest Thou again shouldst thirst
Or hunger, lo, I durst
Thy Life-breath breathe with lips abashed and pale;
In blessèd fingers frail
And finite, rests the Infinite Who first
Raised to Thy lips this Bread, this Holy Grail.

How long wilt Thou, O God, in time's swift fleeting
Suffer that I the Body of my Lord
With sacrificial sword
Thus slay, sweet Lamb of God, daily repeating
His and my Calvary?
Thy Spirit rests on me,
I am Thy priest forever; time's alarms
Threaten but futile harms;
Lifting the pure, white Body of Thy Christ to Thee
Myself am lifted safe to Thy dear arms.

THE END

INTERESTING NEW VERSE

GOING-TO-THE-SUN
By VACHEL LINDSAY

Vigorous, imaginative verse, with touches of fantasy and of humor, inspired by Lindsay's walking trip in the Rockies, combined with a new aspect of his genius in the form of delightful illustrations.

NARRATIVES IN VERSE
By RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

A collection of this popular writer's verses, some dramatic, some lyric, but all marked by delightful qualities of poetic melody and rhythm, and by a fresh vigor of thought and strong human appeal.

OXFORD POETRY, 1921
OXFORD POETRY, 1922

The best verse produced during the years indicated by undergraduates at Oxford University, where many of the finest and most promising young men of England write in a variety of forms and moods.

VERSE OF OUR DAY
Compiled by MARGERY GORDON and MARIE B. KING

A comprehensive and attractive anthology, including some of the finest work of British and American poets representative of present times. Contains excellent material for study as well as ordinary reading.

THE GOTHIC ROSE
By WILFRID R. CHILDE

Verses by a modern English writer with a strong classical trend and rare sense of colorful beauty and delicate emotion, a true artist with a mastery of fine style.

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSE
By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

An engaging novelty. These famous poems of childhood ingeniously turned into Latin verse. The spirit of Stevenson in the form of Horace. English and Latin versions are printed on opposite pages.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY

New York · **London**

APPLETON LIBRARY OF VERSE

These attractive books, uniformly bound in flexible binding, form a very distinctive group of volumes of some of the best-known verse of the day. The authors represented are among the poets and poetesses of widest recognition and popularity. The set covers a broad range of types of verse and moods. Other volumes will be added to The Appleton Library of Verse from time to time.

NARRATIVES IN VERSE
By RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

NOAH AN' JONAH AN' CAP'N JOHN SMITH
By DON MARQUIS

THE WIND IN THE CORN
By EDITH FRANKLIN WYATT

CAPE COD BALLADS
By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

SONGS OF THE STALWART
By GRANTLAND RICE

FROM THE FRONT
By C. E. ANDREWS

SONGS IN THE COMMON CHORD
By AMELIA E. BARR

A HARVEST OF GERMAN VERSE
By MARGARETE MÜNSTERBERG

SONGS OF THE SOIL
By FRANK L. STANTON

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
New York **London**

CATHOLIC THEOLOGICAL UNION
PS3525.A315K51923 C001
KNIGHTS ERRANT NEW YORK
3 0311 00076 4535

18750

PS
3525
.A315K5 Madeleva, Sister 18750
AUTHOR
1923 KNIGHTS ERRANT.
TITLE

3 0311 00076 4535

C0-BPW-819